

Dreaming of you

by Nightbird

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Summary: Wesley dreams of Cordy in the days gone by.

Dreaming of you

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>Author: Nightbird.<br>Distribution: So Classy, Wesleyan Aria, any one with my fic otherwise ask.

>Disclaimer: I don't own 'em. They belong to Joss and Fox and WB's.  
\*Grumble,<br>mutter\*

>Couple: CordyWesley

>Rating: PG-13 - I guess.<br>Summary: Wesley dreams of protecting his fair lady.

>Notes: This came to me last night as I was searching for Wesley pics.<br>I never found any - why doesn't he have any Promo shots??  
\*Grrrrr\*

>Feedback: I bite the hand that doesn't feedback me.<br>Dedication: To my Sibs Stryx, Soul, Gunbunny, Megan and Omega H.

><br>Wesley smiled, it was a cool calculated smile designed to make any woman

>with in a 20 mile radius melt into a drool induced puddle on the floor and<br>right at this moment it was focused fully on the delectable Lady Cordelia

>Chase. Who was staring at him with a look of adoration that was normally<br>reserved for scantily clad Bond girls watching James Bond rescue them from

>the clutches of the latest evil.<br>

>Wesley straightened the lapels of his tuxedo and leaned forward to pull Lady<br>Cordelia out of her chair. With a wave of his hand the room was filled with

>the strains of "The Blue Danube Waltz",<br>

>"Care to dance, milady?"<br>

>Lady Cordelia nodded,<br>

>"Certainly kind sir."<br>

>Wesley turned up the charm as he placed his arm around her waist and held<br>her close. He could feel the heat from her lithe figure radiating into his

>body as they danced,<br>

>"You look wonderful tonight Lady Cordelia. I must admire the way the light  
>catches the colour of your hair, I cannot find words to describe its  
> beauty."<br>  
>"Thank you, Lord Wesley. My it is my duty to always to look my best."<br>  
>Suddenly the lights went out and Lord Wesley spun to face the brute that  
>dare to disturb him only to find that it was his arch nemeses Lord Angelus,  
><br> "Lord Angelus."  
><br>Lord Angelus grinned as he approached Lady Cordelia,  
><br>"My, my what a pretty little bit of fluff you've picked up"

><br>Wesley bristled as Lord Angelus dared to lay a filthy, drunken hand on the  
>fair Lady Cordelia Chase. The fair lady in question whimpered and Wesley  
>reached for his long sword,  
><br>"Unhand her, you drunken brute or face the cold steel of my blade."  
><br>"Ho, ho, I never leave a good fight. "  
><br>The men faced off and soon the air was filled with sparks and the sound of  
>metal meeting metal. But soon the brave Lord Wesley had Lord Angelus trapped  
>in the corner and ran him through.  
><br>Wesley slid his sword back into its sheath and turned to face the damsel in  
>distress, who ran towards him before throwing herself crying into his arms.<br>Wesley held her and offered her one of his ever present hankies.  
><br>"There, there Lady Cordelia, He'll never trouble you again."

><br>"Oh thank you Lord Wesley, how will I ever repay you?"  
><br>"A simple kiss from your fair lips is enough of a reward for me."  
><br>Pulling her close Wesley dipped her back over his arm and moved in for the  
>kiss, his lips were only a hair's breath away from her own when everything<br>faded to black.  
><br> \*\*\*\*\*  
><br>An angry growl echoed through the air as Wesley glared at the shattered  
>remains of his alarm clock and cursed the person who ever invented the<br>blasted thing. Rolling back over he attempted to get back to sleep and  
>failed miserably. Oh how he wanted Ms. Chase<br>

End  
file.